



LITTLE BUILDERS



Class PZ 7

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Paul Thompson

“Some build on the sinking sands.”

Little Builders

By
Charles L. Paddock /



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Nashville, Tennessee
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To THE little boys who inspired the writing of these stories, and to all boys and girls in the whole wide world, this little book is dedicated, with the hope that it may be of help in their character building.

Building Every Day

“We are building ev’ry day,
At our work and at our play;
Not with hammer, blow on blow,
Not the timber sawing so:
Building a house not made with hands,
Following Father’s perfect plans;
Little builders all are we,
Building for eternity.

“We are building ev’ry day,
Actions are the stones we lay;
Jesus, our Foundation sure,
Built on Him we are secure.
Many a house has fallen low,
Built on the sands of sin and woe;
We will heed His word alone,
He’s the only Corner stone.”

Read This First

“Mother,” asked a little boy one day, “if a building with twenty stories is called a skyscraper because it scrapes the sky, what would a twenty-five story building be called?”

“Oh, I know,” he shouted before his mother had time to answer, “it would be a sky piercer.”

Every one of us may build a building greater than a skyscraper if we will. For a good and noble life not only reaches as high as men can see, but it is worthy of a place in heaven. It is a “sky piercer.”

This little book will show the children how to build this greatest of all buildings, so that a fire cannot burn it up nor an earthquake shake it down, and it will stand forever.

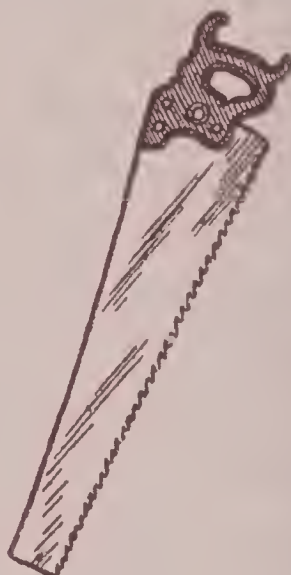


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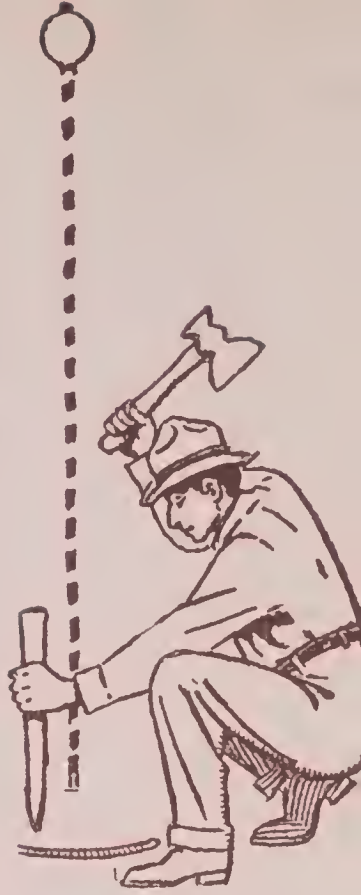
CHAPTER I

A Building I Watched Men Build

YOU boys and girls have all seen men building houses or other kinds of buildings, haven't you? And most of you like to watch the men at their work.

I want to tell you about a large building I have been watching some men make as I have gone to and from my work each day. I had to go by this place each morning and evening, and it was interesting to see just how much the building had grown since I went by the time before. Sometimes I stopped and watched the men as they worked.

The first I knew that a building was to be built was when one morning I saw workmen clearing away the rubbish from a vacant lot. Some men with a measuring line were carefully counting off so many



feet this way, and so many feet that way. Then they drove stakes in the ground, and were very particular that they put them in just the right place. I saw then that they must be going to build something, and began to wonder if it would be just a small, low building, or a great, tall skyscraper with many stories.

But I didn't have to wonder long, for the next time I went by there was a large machine standing on the lot, and there were many horses and wagons too. That large machine was a steam shovel. It was digging a hole in the ground.

How much faster it could dig than you or I could! It would put its great iron hand down into the earth and get a handful; then lift it up, and empty it into a wagon that was standing near. About three handfuls of this great machine's iron hand would fill a wagon, and the man would drive away and another wagon would be driven up to be loaded. Not many days passed until the shovel had made a large hole, deeper than the houses some of you live in. Maybe you wonder

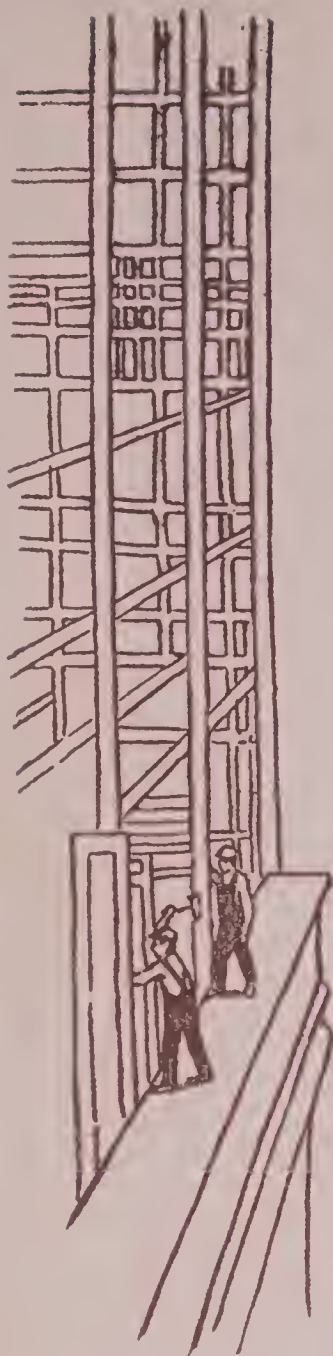


why they dug such a large hole before they began to make the building. I will tell you why. They wanted to build a strong foundation on which the building could rest. When they make a small house they do not need such a strong foundation, but when they build a skyscraper they have to dig away down into the earth and make a strong foundation. The tall buildings are called skyscrapers because they seem to reach almost up to the sky. They were making a strong foundation, so I knew this was going to be a tall building.

The steam shovel stayed there for about two weeks, and then they took it away and began to put in the foundation. In a little while we will talk about another building, and you must remember that the foundation is the part of a building which is always made first.

The men with the horses and wagons hauled a great pile of stones, and other men carried them down into the big hole. Then some of the men, called stone-masons, began to lay the stones into a wall for the foundation. The stones had to be





placed in the wall one by one, and they were very careful to pick out the ones which would fit just right. Sometimes they would throw a stone away which they thought was not good enough to go into the wall. If one bad stone were put into the wall, the whole building might tumble down. The stones in the wall were fastened together with cement and sand, and when it was all dry it was like one big stone.

When the foundation walls were finished the bricklayers began to lay the bricks to make the walls of the building. As I watched them I noticed how careful they were to see that every brick was laid exactly straight, and that it fit in just so. If some had been put in crooked, they might have ruined the wall.

Then there were great, long pieces of iron to make what we call the framework, and these were fastened together with long iron bolts. I thought of what might happen if some of the men did not fasten those together well,— the building might fall and kill many people.

The carpenters also were there at work. We all like to watch the carpenters. When we think of them, what tools do we think of? I think I know what you will say. In these pages you will find pictures of many of the tools the carpenters and plumbers and other workmen use. See if you can name them. The carpenter has a whole box of tools, but we can't name all of them. They were careful to see that every board they sawed was exactly right, and if it was rough they took their planes and planed all the roughness off; for they did not want any bad boards to go into such a fine building.



Before this skyscraper was done, the plumber came with all his wrenches and other tools, and put in the water pipes. Then the electrician put in the lights. But still the building was not finished, for the painter had to come and paint it. I liked to watch him mix his paints, for he was particular that they were mixed just so, and he was very careful as he put the paint on the wood with his brushes. The building would not look very well if the





painter did not do his work skillfully.

While all these men were working there was a man who held a blue paper in his hand and walked around and watched them, to see that they did their work well, — that they did not put in any bad stones, bricks, or boards. They called him the contractor, and they told me he was really to blame if any work was poorly done.

It was a beautiful building when it was all finished, and it looked so straight and tall it hardly seemed possible it could ever fall. I had watched them put in such a strong foundation, I felt it would stand for a long, long time.

But this beautiful building makes me think of another building which I pass every day as I go to work. It is crooked and ugly,— one side is higher than the other, and I wonder each time I go by if sometime it will not fall over. I wonder if you can guess what made it that way. I looked at it carefully and noticed that it did not have a good foundation on which to rest, and one side had settled down lower than the other. Some day it will





Underwood & Underwood

The building I watched men build.

either fall down, or have to be torn down. The one who made it was not careful to see that it was built right. If he had been, it might have stood many years longer.

But we were going to talk about a building you yourselves are building, so let us think about that for a while.







CHAPTER II

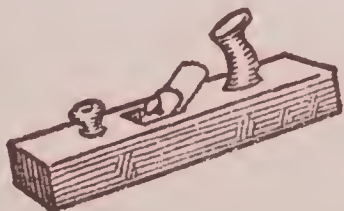
The Building You Are Building

YOU wonder what I mean when I say you are making buildings, too. Did you not know that you are little builders? You are, and many people are watching you every day to see just what kind of buildings you are going to make. They are wondering if they will be small ones, or great tall skyscrapers. And your papas and mamas are so anxious that you shall put good foundations under them. After they have watched you for a while they can tell just what kind of buildings they will be because of the foundations you are building.



You say you don't know how to use a hammer or a saw or any of the other tools, so how can you build anything? Well, maybe some of you girls don't know

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how to use tools, but most of the boys do.

The building you are building we call CHARACTER. That is a big word and we must find out what it means. It means this,— if someone is very good, we say he has a good character. If someone is cross and bad, we say he has a bad character. So character is really just what we are — it is the life we live.

We began this building when we were tiny babies, and we will keep building and building every day until we grow old and gray. Remember, the most important part is made when we are just boys and girls. That is the foundation part of our character. You are making that now.

One morning as I came down the street I saw a ragged, poor old man coming toward me. He was muttering some bad words, and stumbling as he walked. His eyes were red, and his clothes ragged and dirty. Pretty soon he fell right down on the sidewalk and had to take hold of a post to help himself to his feet again.

I could see that the poor old fellow was drunk. Have you ever seen a drunken



man? I wonder if you know what I thought about when I saw this man? He made me think of the crooked building which was one-sided and ready to fall down. You see, boys and girls, he had built a bad character.

I must tell you about another old man I know. Every one who knows him calls him Uncle Mahlon. He is about eighty years old, and his snowy white hair and pleasant face make one love him. He used to come to our house often, and he was always thinking of how he could help some one. In fact, he seemed never to think of himself. Uncle Mahlon doesn't smoke, he doesn't get drunk, he doesn't say any bad words; and he always makes me think of some of the good men we read of in the Bible. I don't see him very often now, for he doesn't live near, but I love him just the same. He makes me think of the straight, tall building, which has a good foundation. He has lived a good life, — he has built a good character.

If some one should ask you which man you would rather be like, I am sure you





would all answer, "Uncle Mahlon." Of course, every boy and girl wants to build a beautiful character. No doubt the poor old drunken man wanted to have a good character, but somehow he put bad stones into his foundation.

Do you remember what part of the building we said is always made first? Yes, it is the foundation. You are making the foundations of your buildings now. If you make good ones while you are boys and girls, you will have good buildings when you grow older. But if you make poor foundations now, your characters will be crooked and ugly when you are old.



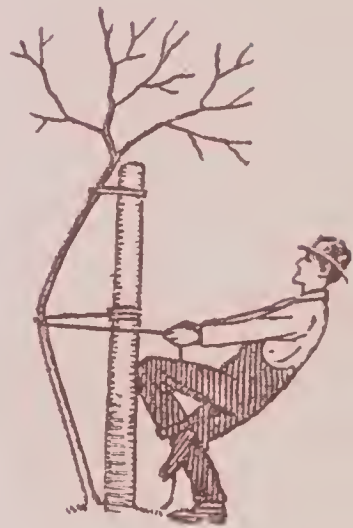
Do you think it would be easy for the poor old drunken man to make his building straight now after he has been bad for so long? No, it certainly would not. And do you think it would be easy for dear old Uncle Mahlon to be a bad man, or for his character to become crooked and ugly and ready to tumble down? It is easy to form right habits and build good foundations when you are boys and girls, but it is oh so hard when you grow older!



The best time to teach your little puppy to do tricks is while he is very young. If you had a crooked tree in your yard and wanted to make it fine and straight, you would have to straighten it while it was little, wouldn't you? It would be easy then, but you could never straighten it after it had become a large tree.

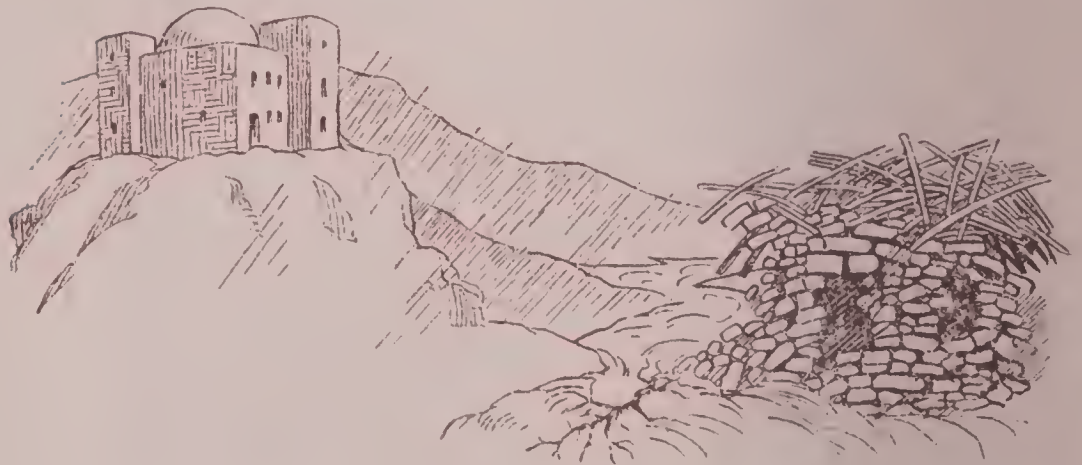
Now let us imagine that we are putting the stones into our foundations. We must be careful to get only the good stones and to throw out all bad ones. Let us think of some stones we want to put in, and we will write down the names here, so we shall remember better: obedience, honesty, truthfulness, and temperance. Then we do not want to leave out love, helpfulness, unselfishness, neatness, and patience. And every boy and girl wants to have the stones of faithfulness and determination in the foundation. Perhaps you can think of some other stones you want to put in too. But be careful about the bad stones, for we don't want our walls to tumble down, do we?

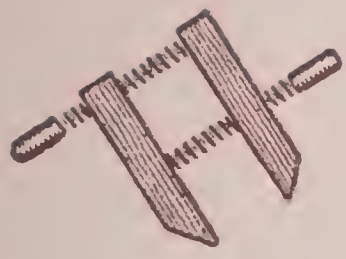
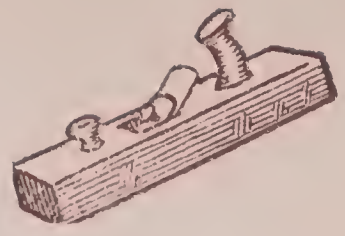
The Bible tells a story about two men



who built houses. For a foundation one chose a great, large, flat, rocky place. A terrible storm came, and winds blew, and the rain fell, but the house stood firm, for it was founded on a rock. The other man thought he would not go to all the trouble of building a good foundation, so he just built his house on the sand, and when this same storm came along, his house fell down, for it had no solid foundation,— it was built on the sand.

I can just hear you boys and girls saying that you are going to be careful like the first man, and that you will be sure to put good foundations under your buildings.









CHAPTER III

Good and Bad Stones

WHILE we are talking about some of the good stones we want to put into our foundations, we might just as well talk about some of the bad ones we want to keep out of our buildings. Just think how terrible it would be if some of us did use bad stones and our buildings should be crooked and maybe fall over. In this chapter we will think about obedience, the good stone, and disobedience, the bad stone. You know what that word obedience means, don't you? When boys and girls talk about it they usually say "mind." They say they mind papa and mama, while older folks use the word "obey."



Last night when I was reading my paper I saw something about a little boy

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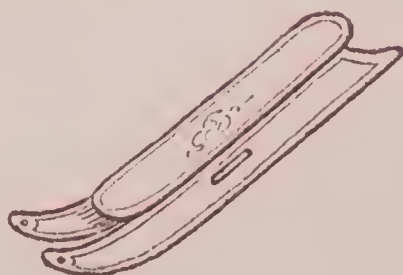
which made me feel sad, and I know you will feel the same way when I tell you about it. Our house is just two blocks from a deep, wide river, and in winter time it is covered with ice. Now you know boys and girls all like to skate and slide on the ice, and it is hard for them to wait till it gets cold and the ice is strong enough to hold them.

This little boy wanted to go down to the river to play on the ice, but his mother told him it was not safe,— that he might break through and get drowned, and then she would not have any little boy. Our mothers usually know best, and if he had been careful and obedient he would not have gone till his mother told him he could. But like many other little boys and girls, he felt mother didn't know how strong the ice was and that she might never know if he did go. One day she went to the store to buy some things, and left him at home alone. She hadn't been gone long when some other boys came by and wanted him to go to the river with them. He thought this would be a good

chance to go, and he forgot what his mother had told him, to be sure to stay right at home until she came back, for she would be gone only a few minutes. Do you think he really forgot? No, he didn't forget, he just disobeyed.

Soon the boys were having a fine time on the ice, but it didn't last long, for this poor little fellow broke through and went down into the cold water. He kicked and cried and tried to get out, but again and again his hands slipped off the ice and he fell back into the water. The boys did not dare to go out to help him, for fear they too would fall in. He did get hold of the ice once and held on for some time and the boys tried to encourage him to hold on till they could run for help, but he had to let go, and went down into the icy water and was drowned. The last thing they heard him say was, "This will break mama's heart, for she told me not to go on the ice." Several days later they found his body. The poor little fellow lost his life because he did not obey.

Another little boy told me that these



boys wanted him to go down to the river with them that same evening, but his father and mother had told him not to go near the river because the ice was not safe, and he told them that he was going to mind his parents. Now he is glad he did, for he too might have been drowned.

So you see one of these little boys used the good stone, obedience, while the other one used the bad stone, disobedience, and lost his life. In the next chapter we will talk some more about these stones.



CHAPTER IV

The Little Girl Who Wanted the Teakettle

EVEN when we are very little boys and girls, before we can talk plainly, we begin to want things, and sometimes we think we know better than papa or mama what is best for us.

One time a little girl about two years old saw the pretty, bright teakettle on the stove, and the steam was pouring out of the top of it. Mama had filled it with water to heat for washing the dishes. The little girl was sitting in her high chair near the stove, and she thought she wanted that teakettle to play with. So she started to reach for it. Mama saw her, and said "No, no, baby must not touch. It is hot and will burn her."

The little girl did not like that one bit.



She thought mother should let her have what she wanted. She waited till mother went out of the room, and then she reached over and took hold of the handle. She pulled and pulled, for it was heavy. She could not lift it, but finally she got it over to the very edge of the stove. One more pull, and the kettle was off the stove, upside down, and a lot of hot, hot water spilled on her little legs.

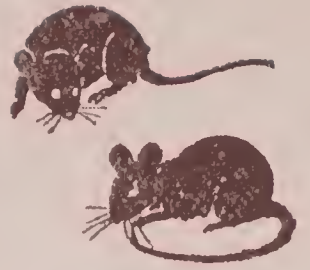
The poor little girl was badly burned, and she cried and cried. It took several weeks for her little legs to get well, but she learned that mother knew best, and that it is always wise to obey. She never wanted the teakettle any more after that.





Wide World Photos.

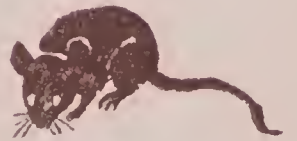
Disobedient children are playing with fire and will surely be burned.



CHAPTER V

The Little Mouse That Didn't Mind

PAPA and Mama Mouse lived in the house of a rich man in a large city. They had gathered pieces of paper and cloth and made them a snug, warm nest for their home. It was down under the pantry, and the only way they could get up into the house was through a hole in the floor. They were happy in their little home, for it was always pleasant and warm, and they found plenty of good things to eat in the pantry. And one day they were made very, very happy, for there were five little baby mice in their nest. They were such tiny pink fellows! Their eyes did not open for several days, so they could not see a thing; but Papa and Mama Mouse cared for them, and



they grew very rapidly. In a short time they were large enough to run around.

One morning Papa Mouse called all the family together, to have a little talk with them. This is what he said to them: "Papa and Mama must be away from home to hunt food for you, and we want you to stay right here at home. Don't ever go through the hole up into the house, for the people have set traps to catch you, and there is a big cat up there too, which will eat you if you ever go close enough for him to get his paws on you. So you stay right at home and be good children." They all listened to what Papa Mouse said, but they could not understand why they should stay at home all the time when Papa and Mama could go upstairs.

One dark night when Papa and Mama Mouse were both away, one little fellow thought he would go up into the house and look around. He had never been away from home in all his life, and he said to himself, "I know Papa and Mama both say I must not go, but I am big enough to



take care of myself. I won't get caught in the trap, and I'll keep my eyes open for the old cat." So up through the hole he went.

When Papa and Mama Mouse came home, one of the children was gone, and they sat up and waited and waited for him to come back, but he never came. They always felt that he must have been eaten by the cat, and it made them feel very sad to think that one of their very own little mice had been killed because he didn't mind.

Boys and girls almost always get into trouble when they don't mind. Sometimes they think their papas and mamas don't love them, and that they don't want them to have a good time when they tell them not to do some things. But it is because they do love you, boys and girls, and they want you to make good straight, tall buildings, so they try to help you keep out the bad stones.

When you are tempted to disobey, think of the poor little fellow who fell through the ice, and of the little mouse



who knew better than his parents. You might not lose your life when you disobey, but when you do it once, it is easier the next time. If you keep on disobeying your fathers and mothers, when you get older you will be likely to disobey the laws of the land. All this makes it easier to disobey God's laws too, and He cannot take people to heaven who keep on disobeying His laws. So let us watch closely for the disobedience stones and throw them all away, so they will not get into our foundations.





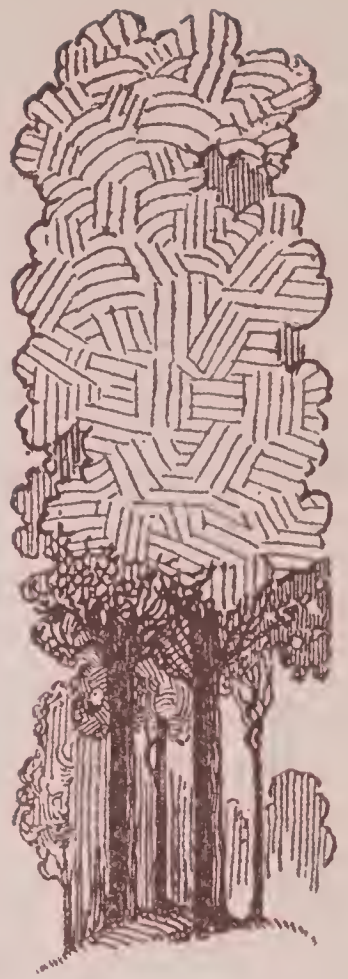


CHAPTER VI

Adam and Eve Use Some Bad Stones

BEFORE we talk about any of the other stones, I want to tell you about a man and a woman who used some disobedience stones in their buildings, and how sorry they were. They were the very first man and woman who ever lived on this earth. You know who they were, don't you? When the Lord put Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden He gave them the most beautiful place in the whole world. There were many lovely flowers, fruit trees, and nut trees, and everything that their hearts could wish for.

But He told them that there was one tree in the middle of the garden that they should never touch nor eat the fruit of, for they would surely die if they did. They



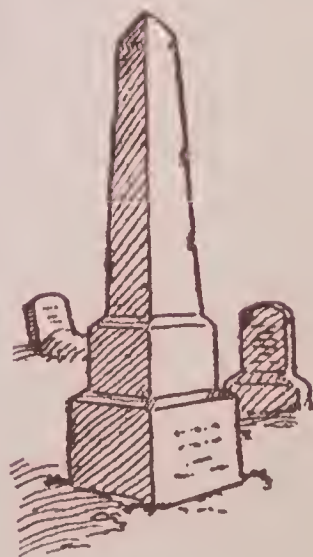


lived very well for a while, but one day Eve stood looking at the fruit of this tree, and she began to wish she might just taste it. Then she heard a voice near her, — it was the voice of Satan. He told her that the fruit of this tree was the best fruit in the whole garden, and it would not hurt her one bit to eat it. He made her think God had told a lie and that He did not love them or He would allow them to eat the fruit. And Eve thought, “Well that does look very good, and I don’t believe it will hurt me. I think I’ll take some just this once anyway.” So she disobeyed God and ate of the fruit. Then she called Adam and told him how good it was, and he also ate of it. Then Satan was happy, for Adam and Eve had sinned. After they had eaten of the fruit, they knew they had done wrong, and they felt as we do when we know we have done something we shouldn’t. They were sorry of course, but it was too late then to make their mistake right. God often came into the garden to talk with Adam and Eve, but the next time He came they were hiding. You know how

we feel when we have done something that papa and mama do not want us to do. We just feel we don't want to see any one.

Then God told them that they would have to be driven from the garden, their beautiful home. If they had been obedient, they could have lived in this lovely place forever and there would never have been any sickness, nor death. Now they had to be driven out, and a little later, would have to die and be buried in the ground. If they had not made this mistake we might have lived in that garden too, and there would not be any sin nor suffering nor death. We would not have toothache nor earache, nor ever be sick; there wouldn't be any weeds in our gardens, and this would be a much better world.

Adam and Eve made bad foundations, and it is too late now to make the old world good. But we are glad that some day Jesus is coming back to this world again and will clean it up and make it just like the garden of Eden was then. And He is going to put in it all the boys and



girls and men and women who have been obedient and who have built good characters.



CHAPTER VII

How Tommy Overcame Temptation

ONCE there was a little boy named Tommy who had to pass a fruit store every day on his way home from school. Day after day he had gone by this store, and many times he had stopped to look into the windows at the fine rosy apples, the oranges, and the bananas. There were grapes too, and figs, and dates, and many good things that Tommy did not remember ever tasting, for his father and mother were poor and could not buy these things for him. They had to work very hard to get enough money to buy clothes for Tommy and his little brothers and sisters, and sometimes they had only bread and potatoes to eat. But they were good people, and they had always taught their





children to be honest,—never to take anything which did not belong to them.

One day as Tommy passed the store, he saw a barrel of rosy red apples out on the sidewalk, right where he could reach one if he wanted to. My, how good they looked, and how his little mouth watered! He wanted one so much, but still he remembered what he had been taught about taking things. He stopped just to look at the apples, and then something seemed to say to him, “Why don’t you take one, Tommy; no one is looking, and your papa and mama will never know. They are so good and sweet. Go ahead, take one.”

Another voice seemed to tell him it would not be right. But the first voice told him again that he had better take one while he had a good chance. “It wouldn’t be so bad to take just one apple, Tommy, and no one will ever know. It will taste so good.” Before the good voice had time to say any more to him, his little hand slipped down into the barrel, pulled out a big red apple, and down the street he went. As he walked along he felt mean,

and his throat filled up till he felt he never could swallow anything. And then the good voice spoke to him again. It told him that he had always been a good boy and had never taken anything, and that he should take the apple right back. So Tommy decided that he would not be a thief, and back to the barrel he went. He walked right up to it, dropped the apple in, and then ran down the street as fast as his little legs could carry him. He wanted to get away from the temptation just as quickly as he possibly could. Tommy felt much better then, and when he reached home, he told his mama all about the trial he had had.

She did not scold him, oh no! She told him she was so glad that he had been an honest boy, and that she would give him some pennies so he could buy one of those apples as he went back to school. Tommy did buy a big red apple, and how he enjoyed it! He felt good to think that he had overcome the temptation to steal. He had put an honesty stone into his foundation. After that Tommy never had



much trouble, even though he passed that barrel every day for a long time. Whenever temptation came to him, he would run away from it just as quickly as he could.



CHAPTER VIII

Honest Abe

I SUPPOSE you boys and girls already know who Honest Abe is, for almost all of us have heard about Abraham Lincoln. We all love him, for he was a good man, and he built a building of which all the world is proud.

When Abraham was a little boy he lived in the woods in a tiny log cabin with his father and mother, far from other boys and girls. That little log cabin did not have any electric lights,—not even good windows, and they had very little furniture. What they did have was made from rough boards which had been sawed from the trees near the house. He did not have any good paper and pencils, nor could he go to school very long. But he learned to read, and he read every book he could

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find. At nights he would lie by the fireplace and read and figure. He used the back of the wooden shovel to figure on, and a piece of charcoal for a pencil. How would you like to do that?

The story I wanted to tell you about Abraham Lincoln will explain why people called him Honest Abe. He found work in a country store when he grew older, and there he worked hard for his employer. He was not paid very much money for his work, but he worked hard just the same. And I don't imagine he ever cheated any one who came there to buy things. I can almost see him as he weighed out the sugar, salt, flour, and other groceries. He must have been careful to give every one just the right amount.

He took care of the money in this store, and one evening when he counted it, he found he had a few cents more than he should have. He thought and thought where it could have come from, till finally he decided he must have made a mistake and given a poor old woman the wrong change. The more he thought of it the



International
Honest Abe.

more certain he was that he had not given her enough change. That made Abraham feel bad, and as soon as he could close the store, what do you suppose he did?

Some boy would have said, "Well, the old woman will never know it, and I can just put this money in my pocket. I can spend it for something I want myself." But that would be stealing, wouldn't it? That would be putting a bad stone into his building. Abraham did not think that way at all. It was a long walk to the home of this elderly woman, but he put on his coat and wrapped up warmly, and started out through the snow and cold to find her. When he explained it to her, sure enough he was right, and the money did belong to her. She thanked him for all the trouble, and I imagine she told him he would be a great man some day if he were always as honest with every one.

Lincoln felt much better as he walked back to the store. The man he worked for soon found out about this, and other people heard of it too, so that is how they came to call him "Honest Abe." And I



don't imagine the man he worked for ever worried about Abraham taking any of the money, do you?

And I wonder if people didn't want Abraham to wait on them when they went to that store? They knew he would be honest with them, and they had learned to love him.

Abraham Lincoln put many honesty stones into his building, and, although he is dead now, he is known by every boy and girl, and his memory will live on as long as this old world stands. If you are ever tempted to be dishonest, just think of Honest Abe.





CHAPTER IX

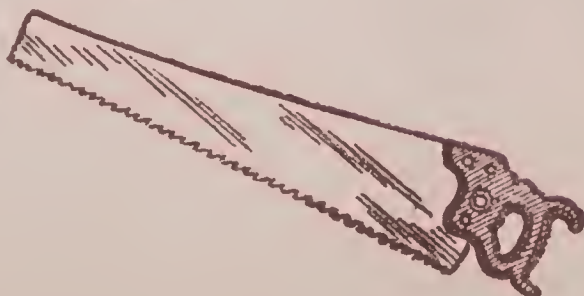
George and the Colt

I AM thinking now about a boy whom most of you know or at least have heard about. He put a great many truthfulness stones into his foundation, and he grew to be a great man with a strong character. He was called the "Father of His Country." Many times we have heard him spoken of as the "boy who never told a lie."

Almost every boy and girl has heard the story of how he chopped down a cherry tree with a new hatchet that his father had bought for him. When his father came home and found the tree cut down he thought at once of George's new hatchet and he went to George and asked him if he knew anything about how the tree was cut down. George didn't try to



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blame it onto someone else, but said, "Yes, father, I did it with my little hatchet." Your father or mother will be glad to tell you that little story if you haven't heard it. And you have guessed by now that this boy was George Washington.

But there is another story told about George that happened when he was older — maybe about twelve years old. One morning he and his boy playmates were out in the pasture where they kept the horses. His mother had one beautiful colt that she liked better than any of the other horses. It was about two years old, and black and shiny. It had never been ridden before, and the boys thought it would be great fun to see George try to ride the colt. They finally persuaded him to try it. After trying for a long time he got on the colt's back, and then the battle began. No one had ever been on the colt's back before and it could not understand what this meant, so it tried to throw George off. It ran, and it jumped, and it tried every way to throw him off; but George was a good rider, and he stuck

tight to the colt. Finally it made a jump into the air, and fell to the ground dead. It had broken a blood vessel.

Just try to think how George must have felt. It was his mother's favorite colt and he knew how she would feel. Some boys might have never told their mother about it, and she would not have known how the colt was killed. But George was truthful. He went right to the house and told his mother all about it, and how sorry he was. Do you suppose his mother gave him a whipping? No, she did not. She felt bad to think that her beautiful colt was dead, but she told George she was proud to think that he would come and tell her the truth about it. As far as we know George was always truthful, and he grew to be a great man. He was first president of the United States, and there are many, many people to-day who love the name of George Washington. Had he been untruthful through his life, we might never have heard of him.

I know a little girl who fell in a mud



puddle out in front of her home, and made her clothes all wet and muddy. She went into the house and told her mother that a boy named Willie had pushed her into the water. And her mother always thought Willie Bright was a bad boy for doing such a naughty thing. But poor Willie had never done anything to her at all.

The little girl told a story, for she feared her mother would scold her. But she never did feel right about it. It bothered her for several days, and even yet she thinks about it.



A little girl was at my house not long ago to spend the evening. Before she came her mother had told her to be careful about her new dress. She said she would, but after a while she forgot about her promise. Some boys and girls were having a great time on a toboggan slide just back of the house, and she went out to slide with them. She went down only a few times when she noticed that she had caught her pretty red dress on the slide and torn a big hole in it. Then she remembered what her mother had told her,



and of her promise that she would be careful.

Right away she began to wonder what her mother would say, and just what she should tell her. She didn't want to stay any longer, but wanted to go right home and tell her mama about it. But she went to the telephone and called her mother up and told her that she had disobeyed and had torn a hole in her new dress. Of course her mother felt sorry about it, but she was glad that her little girl would tell the truth. That shows too that it pays to obey as well as to tell the truth, doesn't it?

A story my father used to tell me has always helped me to be truthful. It was about a boy who was watching some sheep to keep the wolves away. He had to watch them carefully from early in the morning till late at night, and if any wolves came he had to drive them away, or if he could not do it, get some one to help him. There were some men working in the woods near by cutting down trees. One day the boy thought it would be great fun to fool the men, so he called



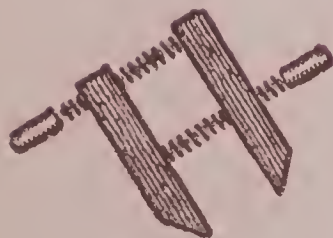
out as loudly as he could, "Wolf! Wolf!"

The woodsmen heard him, and thought the wolves were eating the sheep, so they quit their work, took their axes, and ran as rapidly as they could. When they got to the boy and the sheep, they found the boy laughing as hard as he could, and the sheep were quietly eating grass. The boy was only playing a joke on them, and he thought it was great sport.



A few days after that some wolves did really come, and he called and called for help, but the men would not go, for they thought he was not telling the truth, but only playing another trick on them. The poor boy did not know what to do. He tried to drive the wolves away, but there were too many for him. They carried away some of the little lambs and ate them. The boy learned a lesson that he never forgot.

It is just as bad to act a lie as it is to tell one. You know what that means, don't you? One day a little girl was washing the dishes for mama, and she broke one of the pretty cups right in two in the middle. She thought mama might scold,



so she just put the two pieces together and set them on the shelf. It looked as if it had never been broken.

When mama went to set the table for breakfast the next morning she picked up the cup and it fell in two again. The little girl hadn't said a word, so she had not spoken an untruth; but she had acted a lie by trying to make the cup look like a good one and not telling mama about it.

Don't ever act an untruth. It may seem hard sometimes to tell the truth, but you will feel better inside, and mama and papa and everyone will love you more, and you will be putting in some stones which will make a good foundation for your building which we call "Character."





Little Builders

We all are little builders,
We're building here to-day;
We're building living temples,
Not those of wood and clay;
Our stones are made of loving deeds
Our colors, too, are fast;
Jesus our Master Builder is,
Such work will surely last.

We all are "willing workers,"
We'll build a wall to-day;
We'll build it high, we'll build it strong,
And while we work we'll pray;
We're not afraid of any foe,
God helps us to stand fast,
The willing hands and loving hearts
Are sure to win at last.

Then rap, rap, rap, and tap, tap, tap,
We're building here to-day,
With stones of Hope and Truth and Love,
All laid in God's right way,
Then rap, rap, rap, and tap, tap, tap,
We're building here to-day;
With evil foes on ev'ry hand,
Then work and watch and pray.

—*Margaret C. Brown.*



CHAPTER X

The Faithful Old Blacksmith

THERE are some boys and girls, and some men and women, in this world who can never be depended upon. When they say they will do something we are never quite sure they will keep their promise. If they are given something to do, people always feel they must watch them to see that it is done well. They are unfaithful. If we are unfaithful in little things, we will be unfaithful in big things. And the boy or girl or the man or woman who is unfaithful, who cannot be depended upon, will not build a good character. They will not make a success in life.

One morning a little boy's father told him to be sure to feed the horses some corn, and water them at noon. Then the father went away to stay all day. The

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little boy got up and washed and ate a good, big breakfast, then went out to play. He was so busy having a good time himself that he forgot all about the poor horses. When father asked him at night, he had to tell his father that he hadn't taken care of the horses,— they had not had a thing to eat or drink.

The father said, "Now, George, what do you think I ought to do to you as punishment, and to help you remember next time?" George hung his head and didn't know what to say, for he really did feel very sorry about it. He knew he had done wrong. His father told him he would have to go to bed without any supper, so he would know how the poor animals felt when they were hungry. So George didn't have any supper, and he was very hungry, for he had played hard all day. But he learned a lesson, and his father could trust him after that.

Sometimes we promise to meet some one in a certain place at a certain hour. We hurry to get ready, so as to be there on time. But although he had promised faith-

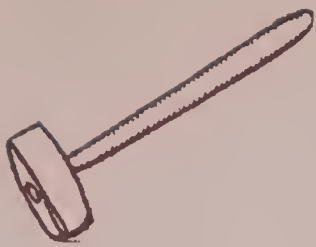
fully he'd be there, we get there and no one is to be seen. Some times he is a half hour or an hour late. He didn't keep his promise.

A few weeks ago there was a lady absent from our Sabbath school. She had been so faithful in coming that the superintendent said, "I see Sister Blank is not here this morning. She must be sick, for she has been here every Sabbath and on time for many months." So some people went around to see her that afternoon, and sure enough she was sick. If she had not been sick she surely would have been there. She was faithful.

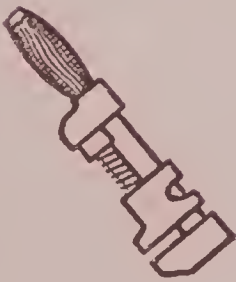
But we were going to talk about the Faithful Old Blacksmith. I read this story not long ago, and I know you boys and girls will enjoy it. This faithful old man lived in a small town in the West. Every one in the town knew him, and they knew that any work he did for them would be done as well as he knew how to do it.

He was making an iron chain one day when another man called in to get some work done. He was working very hard on





the chain and was particular that every link was made just right. The man noticed how particular he was about his work, and asked, "Why are you so particular in your work when it is just a rough iron chain you are making?" And the good old blacksmith said, "If I make just one bad link in the chain, the whole chain will be bad." And he hammered away, day after day, always careful to see that everything he did was done the very best he could do it.



This blacksmith had a son, and he knew how particular his father was and how well he did his work. One time the son was on a large ship crossing the ocean when a terrible storm arose and they feared the ship would be lost. The captain told the sailors to let down the great iron anchor to see if it might catch on the bottom of the ocean and hold the ship till the storm was past. The anchor was fastened to the boat by a great iron chain. The sailors threw it over, and sure enough it touched the bottom of the sea, and the anchor caught hold. But the wind was so



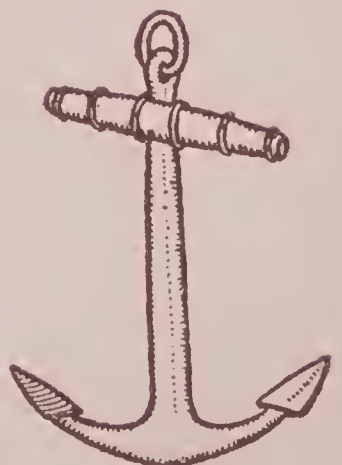


The chain held because it was honestly made.

strong and the sea so rough that the great chain was broken as though it had been a piece of cord.

“Throw out another anchor,” the captain shouted, and the sailors hurried to let down another one, and again the chain broke as soon as the anchor hit the bottom of the ocean. There was just one anchor left, and they began to let it down into the water. As the blacksmith’s son watched the chain being unwound he noticed something which looked familiar to him. Stepping closer, there on the link he saw his father’s initials. That chain had been made in his father’s little blacksmith shop back home, and it made his heart rejoice, for he felt sure it would stand the strain of the storm.

So he hurried to the captain and told him that the chain would hold this time, and the captain wondered why he knew. The boy was glad to explain that his father had made it, and anything his father made was as good as could be made, and would stand any test. And sure enough the chain withstood the strain



of the storm, and the ship was saved. What if the old blacksmith had not been faithful? Many lives might have been lost. And what if we are not faithful in our work and in everything we do?



CHAPTER XI

A Little Boy Who Didn't Know His Name.

PERHAPS you boys and girls have heard about Booker T. Washington, the colored boy who was born in slavery times down in the South. He was very poor and did not even know his last name when he started to school. They called him Booker, and that was the only name he knew. But when he went to school the first morning the teacher asked for the names of all the boys and girls, and they all had two names and some had three. He didn't know what to say for he had only one name. But there was one man he had heard much about, so he thought he would use that name. That man he knew about was George Washington. So when the teacher said, "What is your

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name, little man?" he answered, "Booker Washington."

Booker wanted to learn to read and write. He had to work in a salt mine with his father before and after school. One day in the mine he heard some men telling of a school somewhere many miles away where boys and girls might go to school and work to pay for their board and room and the cost of their schooling. He longed to go. And he wanted to go so badly that he was willing to walk many miles to reach this school, sleeping under the sidewalk for several nights when he had no other place to sleep.

But when he finally did reach the school he had very little money in his pocket. He told the principal he didn't have much money, but that he wanted to get an education and that he was willing to work hard to pay for it. One of the ladies in the school was asked to give Booker an examination to see if he was a faithful boy and worth giving an education. I suppose Booker thought they would bring him a long list of hard questions to answer, but





when the lady came, what do you suppose she had? She had a broom, a dust cloth, and a dust pan, and she told Booker his examination would be to sweep and dust the room which she would show him. That was a strange way to give an examination, wasn't it?

I have seen some boys and girls, too, who would have swept the middle of the room and then dusted it in a hurry. But this boy swept every corner and under every desk. Then he swept it all over again, and then again, and for fear he might not pass he swept it the fourth time. Then he dusted it carefully. After a long while he told the lady he was all through and she came in to see if he had done his work well. The first thing she did was to take a white handkerchief and wipe the sill up above the door and the window where some boys and girls would never think of dusting. She looked under the seats and in the corners, but she didn't find one particle of dirt, for he had done his work well.

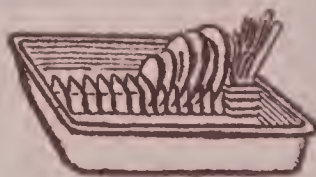


He passed the examination, for he was



faithful in little things, so they allowed him to go to school. He became a great man, and was always faithful. When he grew older he founded a school for other boys and girls where they could work to pay for their schooling. He did more for his people than any other colored man that ever lived. They all love him and love to speak his name. What if he hadn't dusted and swept well that morning when he had his examination? We might never have heard of him.

When mama asks you to wash the dishes, do you hurry through just as quickly as you can, or do you wash them the very best you know how? When you sweep, do you sweep in the corners too? When you promise to do something, are you always faithful in keeping your promise?



The Building of the Nest

They'll come again to the apple tree —
Robin and all the rest —
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossoms dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

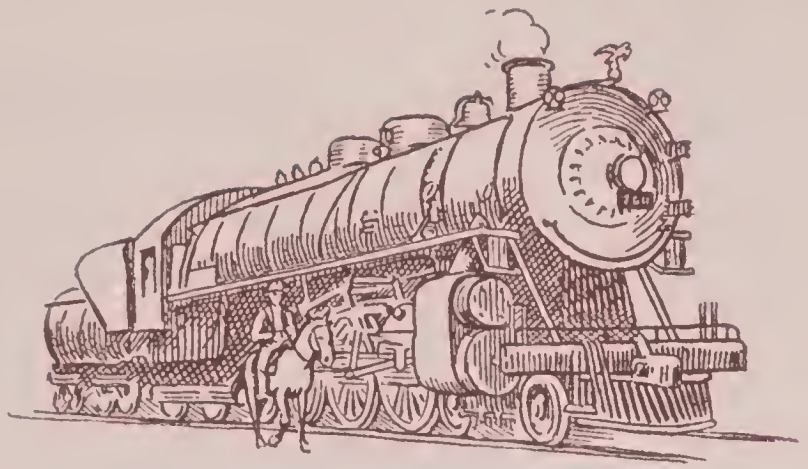
Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care,—
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair,—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow; [rain,
Through the April shimmer of sun and
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

— *Margaret Sangster.*





CHAPTER XII

The Little Helper Engine

ONE time I had to go on a long journey out through the mountains, so I packed my grips and went down to the station to wait for my train. I put my grips on a seat and went out on the platform to wait till the train was ready to go. I walked down by the great engine. My, but it was a big one! Even the wheels on it were taller than my head. I thought surely it would be able to pull the long train of cars without any trouble.

Pretty soon the conductor called out, "All aboard!" and everyone climbed on, and the train pulled away. Soon we were speeding out through the country. After traveling all day and all night we came to the foot of the mountains, and began to go up hill. It wasn't very steep, but it made

the old engine puff and puff. Finally we came to the bottom of a very steep place and it stopped. As I looked out of the window I saw a small engine standing on the sidetrack.

It seemed small by the side of the big engine that was pulling our train. They had changed engines several times during our journey, but each time they put on a big engine. But this little engine backed up and fastened onto the back of our train, and what do you think? Why, it began to push, and the big engine began to pull, and away we went up and up the steep hill and soon were at the top of the mountain range. But if that little engine hadn't helped, we could not have climbed that steep grade.

Do you know what that little engine made me think about? It made me think of little boys and girls who are helping the bigger and older folks over the hard places in their road day by day. Even though you may be only little folks, there are so many ways you can help the older people around you. You are little helpers and that





engine made me think of you. It was so small that it didn't look as though it could do much, yet it helped push the long train of cars up the mountain side. Sometimes you may think you are too small to do much, but you can help in many ways.

Now, you are thinking of what you can do to help papa and mama, and maybe other big people too. I know one little boy who always runs to the store for his mama when she wants anything, and he is always willing to go too, and this is such a help to his mother. I heard one mother tell not long ago of how her little boy kept her water bucket filled. She said, "He can't carry a large pail of water, for it is too heavy, but he takes a tiny pail and carries the water and pours it into the large one till it is full." I know another little boy who carries up all the coal for his mama. He can't carry the coal bucket full, so he brings it half full each time. Some little girls help to wash the dishes and to care for their little brothers and sisters, and that is such a help.



But I am sorry to tell you that I have known boys and girls who never wanted to do anything. When these boys and girls grow older they will not know how to work. When the girls grow up and have homes of their own, they won't know how to cook or to do useful things, if they do not learn to work while they are small.

One day not long ago I saw a poor old lady with a lot of bundles going along the street. A little boy with a wagon asked her if he could help her, and it made a smile come over her wrinkled face, it was such a lift! And it made the little boy feel good to think he had helped some one.

Not long ago I heard about some boys who wanted to have some real fun on Hallowe'en. There was a poor old lady in the neighborhood who had no wood to burn. She was too old to work, so could not earn money to buy any. These boys went to all the neighbors and asked them to give money to help buy wood for this poor old lady. When they had collected enough money, they went to the woodman and asked him to send the wood around

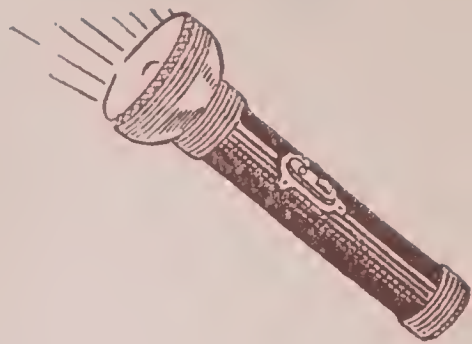


after dark. Then they had someone ask Aunt Beth out to supper, so the man could deliver the wood and she wouldn't know anything about it. As soon as the wood came the boys all went over and carried it into the shed and piled it up straight. My, but wasn't she surprised the next morning when she saw all that wood! And weren't those boys happy!

There are so many ways in which boys and girls can be little engines to help other people over the hard places in life. I can't tell you all the ways you can help, but I hope you will stop right now and think of some things you can do to help others. This will be a good stone to put into your foundations, and it will make the building much stronger. And not only that but it will make others happy, and they will love you more. Let's think every day from now on how we can help some one.







CHAPTER XIII

About a Flashlight

THIS is a good time to talk about the cheerfulness stone. Many times when boys and girls are asked to do something to help someone, they begin to pout and are unhappy, and the corners of their mouths turn down. Johnny may be just as happy as can be, but when mama says, "Johnny, will you get me a bucket of coal?" down go the corners of his mouth, and how ugly he looks!

We all like to see boys and girls with the corners of their mouths turned up. If you think you look nice when the corners of your mouth turn down, just look in the glass the next time and see.

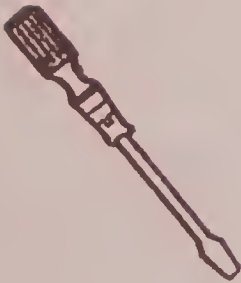
Boys and girls make me think of a flashlight. You know what a flashlight is for, don't you? "To make light," you say.



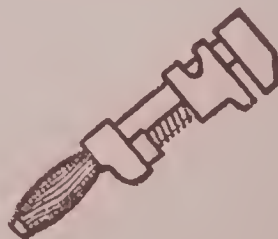


And even though the light may be small it is a great help in the dark.

Now let us suppose we have a bright shiny new flashlight. It looks fine on the outside. But when we push the button, it doesn't give one bit of light. A flashlight of that kind wouldn't be much good, would it? What is the trouble? It looks just like any other flashlight. Let's push the button again. So we push the button again, and no light. Then we begin to examine it. We look at the little electric bulb, and it is all right. There must be something wrong inside. Can you guess what the trouble is? There must be something wrong with the battery. So we get a new battery and put inside, then push the button, and there is plenty of light.



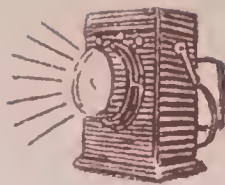
Sometimes we look at a little boy,— he has on a new suit, his tie is tied neatly and straight, his shoes are shined, his hair is combed, his face is clean, He looks just fine on the outside. And we think, "Well, there is a fine boy." Then we press the button: "Johnny, will you take care of baby for a few minutes?" But we don't





Eugene J. Hall.

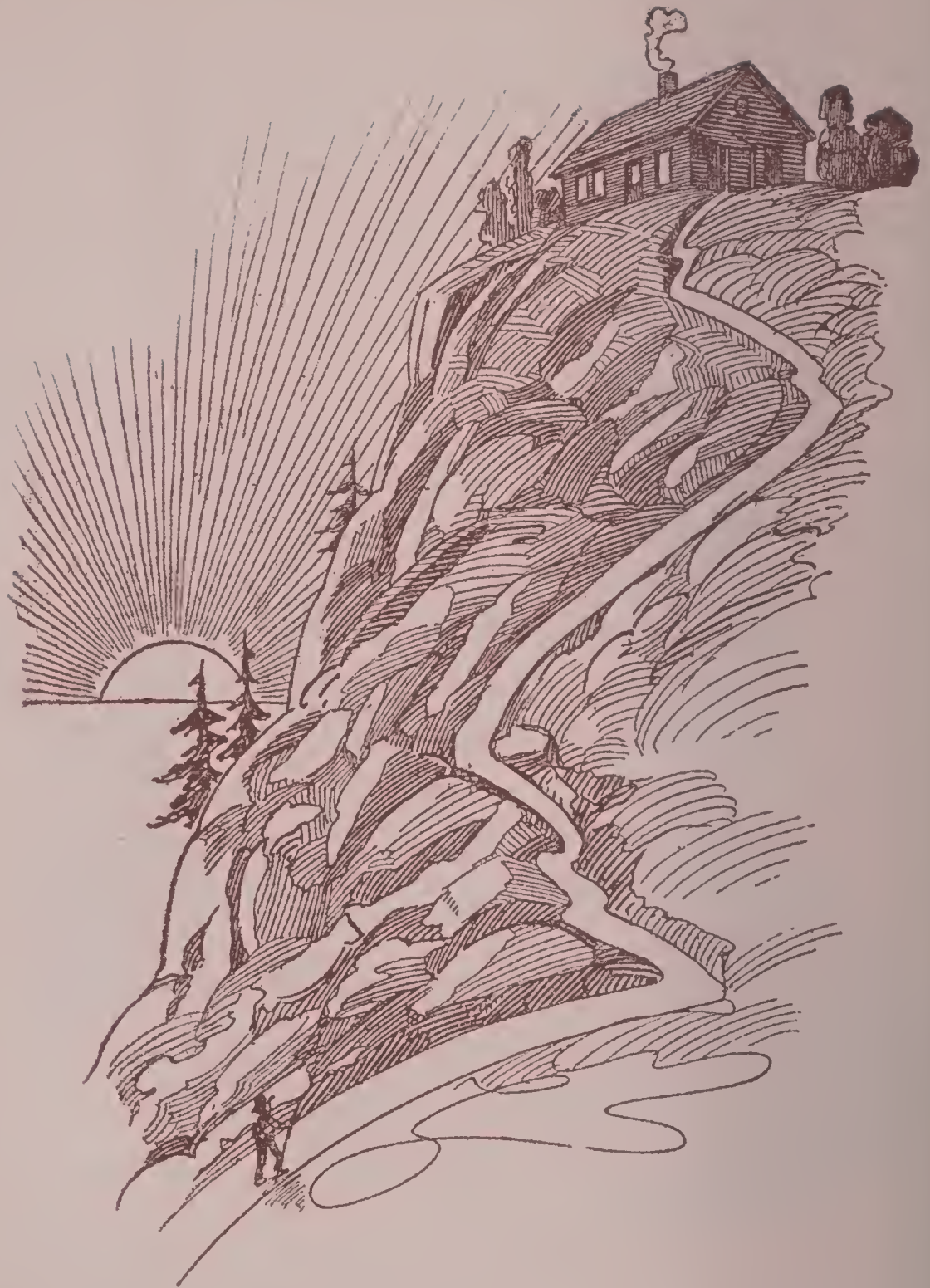
Feeding a hungry calf is enough to make anybody frown who hasn't a good battery of smiles all stored up inside.



get any light at all. The corners of his mouth go down and there is a dark cloud all over his face. What is the trouble with the little boy flashlight? Something must be wrong on the inside. Yes, his shine batteries are all worn out,—he needs a new battery.

Aren't you glad it doesn't cost money to get new batteries for boys and girls? When you feel your shine batteries are not working right, just think that you have been placed here in this world to shine, to help others and to be cheerful about it. Then turn the corners of your mouth up, and ask Jesus to help you shine with all your might. Then you will brighten the little corner where you live and be a help in this great big world. Don't leave the cheerfulness stone out of your foundations.





CHAPTER XIV

The House With the Golden Windows

THE story is told of a boy who lived in a small cottage on the top of a hill. He had not many things to play with, and must work hard every day. His home was very poor, and sometimes he was unhappy and felt he would like to have a better home and some of the things he had seen other boys have. Altogether he thought he had a pretty hard time.

One evening when his day's work was done he was sitting on the steps thinking about what a hard time he had. The sun was setting behind the western hills and the sky was a beautiful color. As he looked down into the valley below he saw a beautiful sight. It was a house with windows of gold. He thought of how he

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had to live in a plain little house, and of how happy the boy must be who lived in this house with the golden windows. Surely he must have everything to make him happy!

He decided he would take a trip down into the valley and at least look at the house and in through those windows of gold. So early the next morning he started on the journey. It was a long way, and he had to walk. But he rested now and then along the way. It was almost sunset when he reached the place, and he was very tired. But he felt he would be well paid, — he might even get to know the boy who lived in this wonderful house.

But when he came closer he found it was only an old house that was no longer used! It had been used for a stable, but now there were not even horses in it. The windows were dingy and dirty. Surely this must be the wrong place. Where were the windows of gold? But it was the very house toward which he had started. The windows had been made to look like gold by the rays of the setting sun. You

have seen windows which looked just such a beautiful color in the evening sunset, haven't you? How discouraged and disappointed the boy was! Tired and foot-sore, he lay down to rest. It was morning when he awoke, and he looked up at his own little home on the hill, and what do you suppose he saw? The windows of his own home had become very beautiful also; they too were of gold as the morning sunlight shone upon them.

The boy had learned a lesson. After all, his own home was the best. The place which had looked so wonderful from a distance did not compare with his own little home on the hill. So he went back a different boy, and never again was he unhappy because of his poor home.

One morning when I went to work I met a little boy coming down the sidewalk with just one roller skate. He had it on his right foot, and a broad smile on his face. He seemed to be having a jolly time scooting along on that one roller skate. Many boys and girls would have been cross because they had only one skate, but

he didn't let it spoil his good time.

I have known some boys and girls who had so many playthings they hardly knew which one to play with first, and yet they were unhappy. I know one little boy who has always had lots of toys and yet he is forever wishing he had something to play with, and that he could do like some other boy. Isn't that strange?

I wonder if we can't learn a lesson from these boys and girls we have talked about in this chapter,—never to be unhappy because we cannot have everything we would like. So let's be happy anyway.



“We are building ev’ry day;
If we do not watch and pray,
Best of tools are all in vain,
Golden Rule, and line, and plane.
Measure by love each stone and brick,
Mixing the silver mortar quick;
Careful builders we must be,
All the world our house can see.”





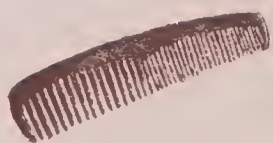
CHAPTER XV


The New Clothes Rack

GIRLS usually like to keep clean and to dress well, but sometimes boys are not so particular. I have seen boys go to school and even to church without combing their hair. And some would never wash their faces if mother did not just make them do it. Isn't it strange how boys hate to have their necks and ears washed? It seems to make a boy feel ugly and sometimes he even cries and whines.

Did you ever know boys or girls who would take off their clothes and leave them lying in a pile right on the floor? Some boys do that very thing, but others always hang their clothes up where they belong. Have you ever heard a boy say to his mother, "Mother, where is my cap? I can't find it anywhere." Some-

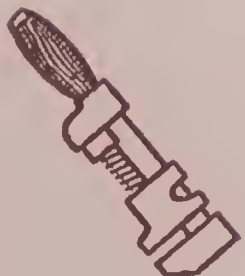
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times mother says, "I don't know, son, I didn't wear your cap." But usually mothers help us hunt for things, don't they?

One little fellow about six years old had the habit of leaving his hat here, and his mittens there,— scattering his clothes all over the house. His father and mother would scold him and tell him he would never grow to be a great and good man. But in this case the trouble was not all with the little boy. There were lots of hooks around that house, but they were all so high he couldn't reach them.



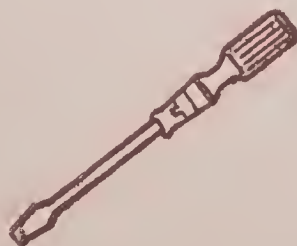
So his father made a place for the little boy to hang his clothes. He found a good piece of wood, and planed it off smooth. Then he screwed it onto the wall just high enough so the little boy could reach it. He bought some bright shiny hooks at the hardware store and fastened them into the wood, and when it was finished there were ten hooks all in a row. And would you believe it, that little boy never threw his clothes on the floor after that. He didn't want anyone else to use those hooks





either; they were his, and he always hung his clothes on them, and then he knew where to find them. Maybe your fathers will make you boys and girls a rack like that so you can always put your clothes in a certain place and never have to spend time looking for them.

Once there was a boy who was not very careful about keeping his hands clean and his clothes tidy. He wanted to find work as an office boy, so he went to see a business man who wanted a boy. A business man is always particular that he gets a boy who is neat and tidy. So the first thing the man did was to ask the boy to write his name on a clean sheet of paper. The boy's hands were soiled, and he made some ugly black marks on the clean white page. He hadn't cleaned his finger nails, and the man noticed this also. And his hair had not been combed. What do you suppose the man told this boy? He said, "I think I won't be able to use you, son." The boy wondered why. So the man told him just why he didn't hire him, and the little boy went home feeling blue, but



determined to be more careful after that. This may not seem like a very important stone, but if you do not put it in, some day you will be sorry.





CHAPTER XVI

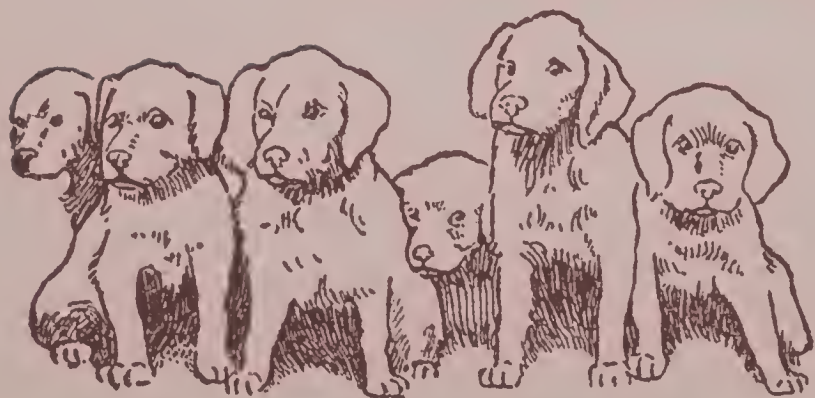
The Boy With the Yellow Fingers

WHEN older folks talk about temperance they usually think of not drinking beer and whisky and getting drunk; but there are other things in that big word, which boys and girls might think about. We can be temperate in our play, by not playing too hard or too long. I heard of one little girl who jumped rope until it killed her. She was intemperate in her play. We can be temperate in our eating by not eating too much, even though it is good food. The Bible says we should be "temperate in all things."

But there is one thing we must be sure to think about, and that is the cigarette. You boys and girls all know what ciga-

rettes are, for almost every man smokes them now, and many women also. I hope your parents do not use them. It is a bad habit and will weaken the foundations of your buildings if you use them. Boys and girls who learn to smoke when they are young, do not often amount to anything worth while. They do not grow as other boys and girls do. They are nervous and impatient. Their minds do not work well, and sometimes they even lose their minds entirely.

A lady, visiting a dog kennel in France where the man raised tiny dogs, wondered what kept the dogs small and said, "Tell me why the dogs are so tiny and small; why do they never grow larger?" He did not want to tell her his secret for fear she might raise some small dogs too, and then he would not get so much money for his. But he finally told her that he fed the puppies some of the poison called nicotine which comes from tobacco and the little fellows didn't grow. Many of them died, but he got much more money for those that did live because they were so small.



Now tobacco does just the same thing for boys and girls, and no one likes to see dwarfed boys or girls. You wouldn't want to be dwarfs, would you? Some of the large railroad companies and many business houses will not hire boys or girls that smoke, and we don't blame them, do we?

A little red-headed, twelve-year-old boy named Bert was looking for work in an office. He went to the manager and told him he wanted work. The manager looked Bert over, and saw that his fingers were all stained a yellowish brown color. "No, we can't use you," he said. And Bert answered, "I suppose it is because I have yellow hair." "No indeed," said the man, "it is because you have yellow fingers."

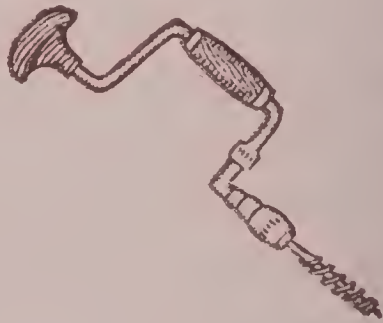
Other boys will ask you to smoke, and they will call you "sissy" if you don't, but do not let that bother you. Decide right now, before you turn this page, that you will never, never smoke. And it won't hurt you, girls, to decide that too, for many girls smoke now.

And when you grow older you may be





tempted to drink beer and whisky or other strong drink. Some one will say, "Oh, come on, just take one drink. One glass won't hurt you." But don't ever taste it. Many who have tasted it, just to keep from hurting someone's feelings, have become drunkards. Every drunkard started by taking just one glass. He liked it and the next time he wanted two glasses, and before long he was getting drunk. And after a while he found he couldn't let it alone and it ruined his life. If you ever smoke or drink, you will be putting stones in your buildings that will spoil your characters.





Underwood & Underwood.

A good dog is a most unselfish playmate.

CHAPTER XVII

Two Selfish Dogs

DID you ever have a selfish playmate? If so, how did you like to play with him? Selfishness is a bad habit, and we must be careful that not one stone of it gets into our buildings. But we should use a great many of the unselfishness stones.

In an old school reader there are two stories about selfish dogs. Maybe you have heard them. But you won't mind hearing about them again. One was of a dog who was sleeping on some hay in a manger. He had no business there, for he was lying on the hay that the tired ox would want to eat when it came in from its work. When dinner time came the man brought the ox into the barn and turned it loose. It went right to its stall expecting to eat its dinner, for it was hungry and





tired. But the ugly dog barked and tried to bite its nose. The dog could not eat the hay, neither did he want the ox to have it. He just wanted to lie there and sleep, even though the ox had to go without any dinner.

I know of little folks who have toys that they hardly ever play with, but when some other little boy or girl comes and wants to play with that toy, then they want it right away. Isn't that strange?

The other story in the old reader is about a dog that had been to town and found a fine big piece of meat. At least he thought it was good. Dogs always like meat, and they want to be left all alone while they eat it. After he found the meat he wanted to get home just as quickly as he could, for he didn't want any other dog to see him. He was thinking all the time about what a good meal he would have all alone. On the way home he had to cross the river on a narrow bridge, and he looked down into the water and saw there another dog with a piece of meat. Of course, it wasn't another dog at all, but

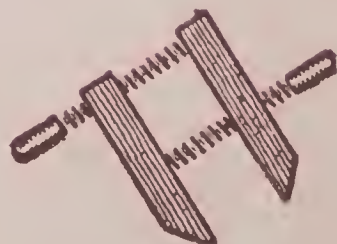
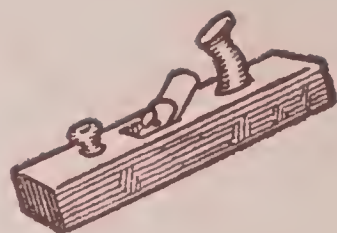


just his own reflection in the clear water.

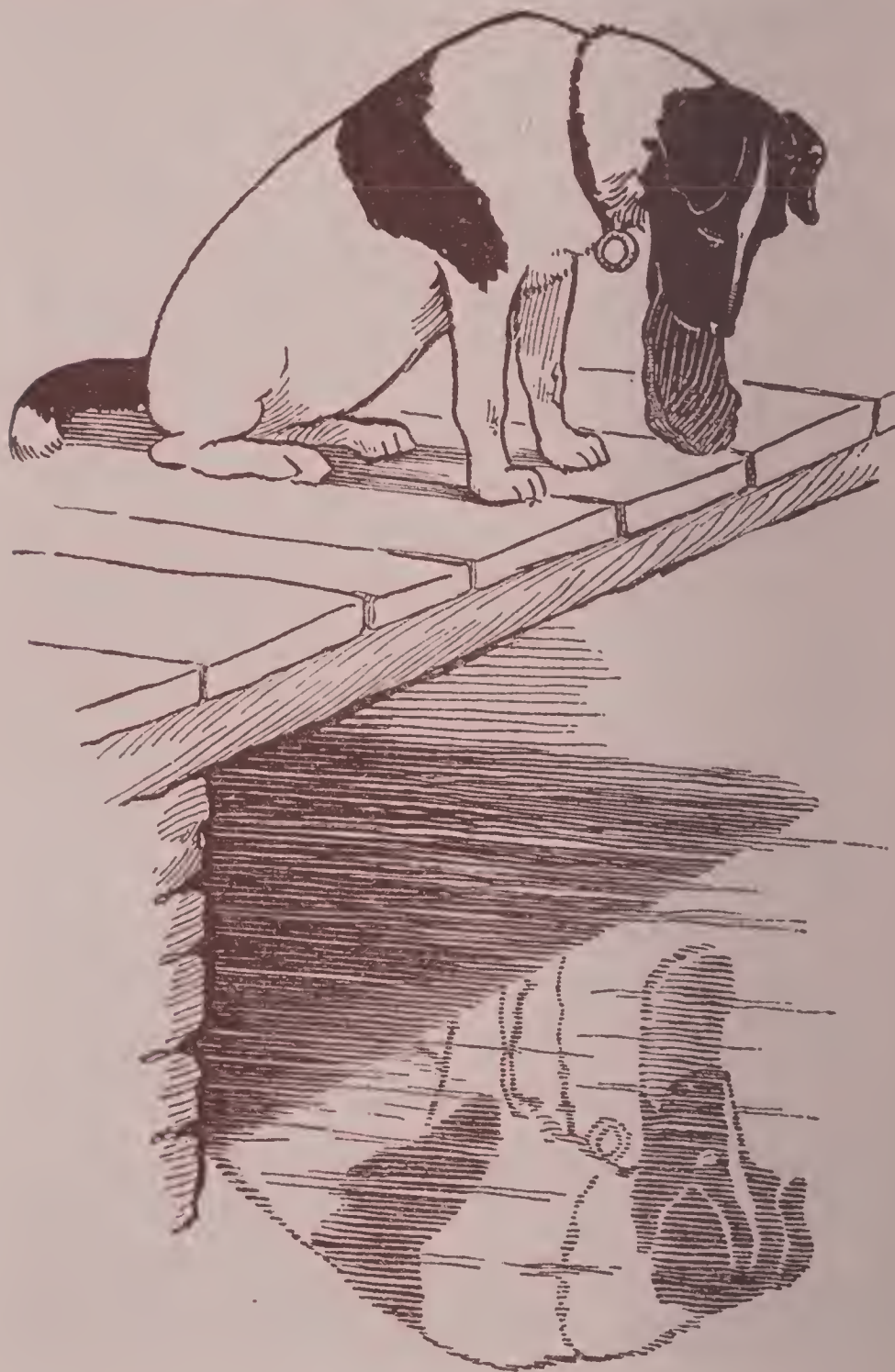
But he was a selfish dog, and it really hurt him to think that the other dog had some meat like his. So he decided he would take the meat from the other dog and then he would have two pieces of meat for his dinner, even if the other dog didn't have any. So he jumped right off the bridge at the dog he thought he saw. When he jumped he dropped his piece of meat, so he could get the piece the other dog had, and his meat fell into the water, and when he came up all dripping wet he couldn't find it anywhere. He went home hungry, but a much wiser dog.

Of course we all feel that we would not want to be so selfish as those two dogs. And next time you have something good you will want to divide with your little brothers or sisters, or your playmates, won't you? When the apple plate is passed around, I wonder if any boy or girl will look for the biggest apple.

No boy or girl wants to be selfish. But if we are selfish when we are small and keep putting selfishness stones into our



foundations, we will grow up to be selfish men and women.



“We are building ev’ry day,
Not with lime, and sand, and hay,
Not with wood, and nails, and screws —
Something better far we use,—
Thoughts like the marble, pure and white,
Smiles like the diamond, clear and bright;
These the jewel stones we lay,
Safe when sin is burned away.”



CHAPTER XVIII

The Runaway

WE HAVE talked about many kinds of stones, and there are many more we might talk about, but it would make this book too big. The ones we have talked about are the most important, and if you remember all of these and put them in, and throw out the bad ones, you will build tall, straight buildings. Your characters will be real skyscrapers. There is just one more stone, we should not fail to mention.

It is spelled L O V E. You have heard the word love, and you know what it means. You all love your papas and mamas and your brothers and sisters, and you can think of others whom you love. And your fathers and mothers love you so much that they would not trade you for the whole

wide world, with all the money, and all the automobiles, and all the candy, and everything in the world. So they love you a great deal, don't they?

And Jesus loves us too. He loved each one of us so much that He was willing to leave His Father and His beautiful home in heaven and come down to this world and stay for more than thirty years. You see, He wanted us to have a home in heaven, too, some day; so He was willing to come down here and live for a long time, and even to die on the cross, so we might some day be in heaven with Him, if we build good characters. That is the most important reason why we should be careful about the kind of stones we put into our building.

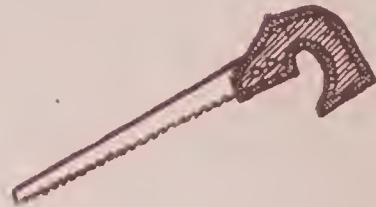
If we really love any one, we will do anything for him. If we really love papa and mama we will want to obey and please them. And if we do this it will make them very happy.

Your papas and mamas would be willing to die for you if it were necessary,— just because they love you. A father drove to



town one morning in a big wagon, taking his little boy with him. When they got to town the father left the horses out in front of the store, tied to a post. They were young and full of life, and when they became frightened they broke loose and started to run away. The father sprang to their heads and tried to hold them, but the horses were too strong for him, and ran down the road as hard as they could go. He clung to their bridles, until they shook him loose and trampled upon him as they ran. Finally they stopped, and friends came to care for the wounded man. They asked, "Why didn't you let the horses go?" He could only whisper in answer, "Go look in the wagon box." They went to the wagon, and there on some straw asleep was his little boy, unhurt. The father was willing to risk his own life to save his little boy. It was love that made him do it.

There are many people in the world who have no one to love them, and their lives are dark and cheerless. Could not boys and girls love some of these people



too, as well as just their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters? It would make their lives brighter to know some one loved them.

Although the best way to show our love to our parents is by being obedient and helping them in every way we can, they also like to have us put our arms around their necks and tell them we love them. That is worth more than money to them. You just try it and see how happy they look.

A story is told about one young man who was very ungrateful and did not love his parents. They had worked hard to buy him food and clothes. They had sent him away to school, and father and mother had even gone without things they needed so he could have an education. Mother had worn ragged clothes, and father hadn't had anything new for a long time. They even had to sell some of the cows so John could be in college.

They had been saving money for a long time so father could go up to the college and surprise John by making him a visit

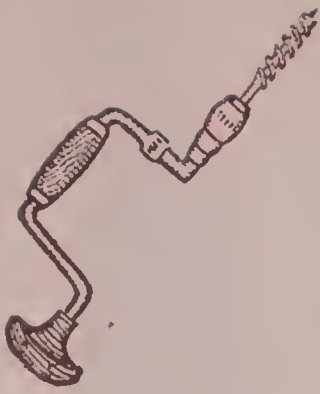


at Christmas time. Finally Christmas came and father was on the train, going to see his boy. You think that John was glad to see his father, don't you? But he was not. When the old man came to the school, John was ashamed of him and he said rudely, "No, you are mistaken, I am not your son." He didn't want the boys to know that his father was poor and had to wear patched clothes. So he paid no attention to his poor old father.

The only thing the old man could do was to go back home,—broken hearted, for the boy for whom he had done so much would not even notice him. What kind of stones was that boy putting in his building? What kind of man do you think he will grow to be?

Now you have all decided you want to make good buildings or characters,—ones that will stand when the storms of temptation come. Every boy or girl wants to do right and grow to be a good man or woman. You have learned that you are laying the foundations for your life now, and that you are putting in stones every





day. If you use good stones now, you will have good lives when you are grown, and will be a blessing to the world. But if you use bad stones, your buildings may be crooked,— your lives will not be a help to the world.

If we live good lives here, we are told that Jesus will some day take us to heaven with Him, where we can live on forever and ever and never die. May every boy and girl who reads these lines use only good stones.

THE END



Building for Eternity

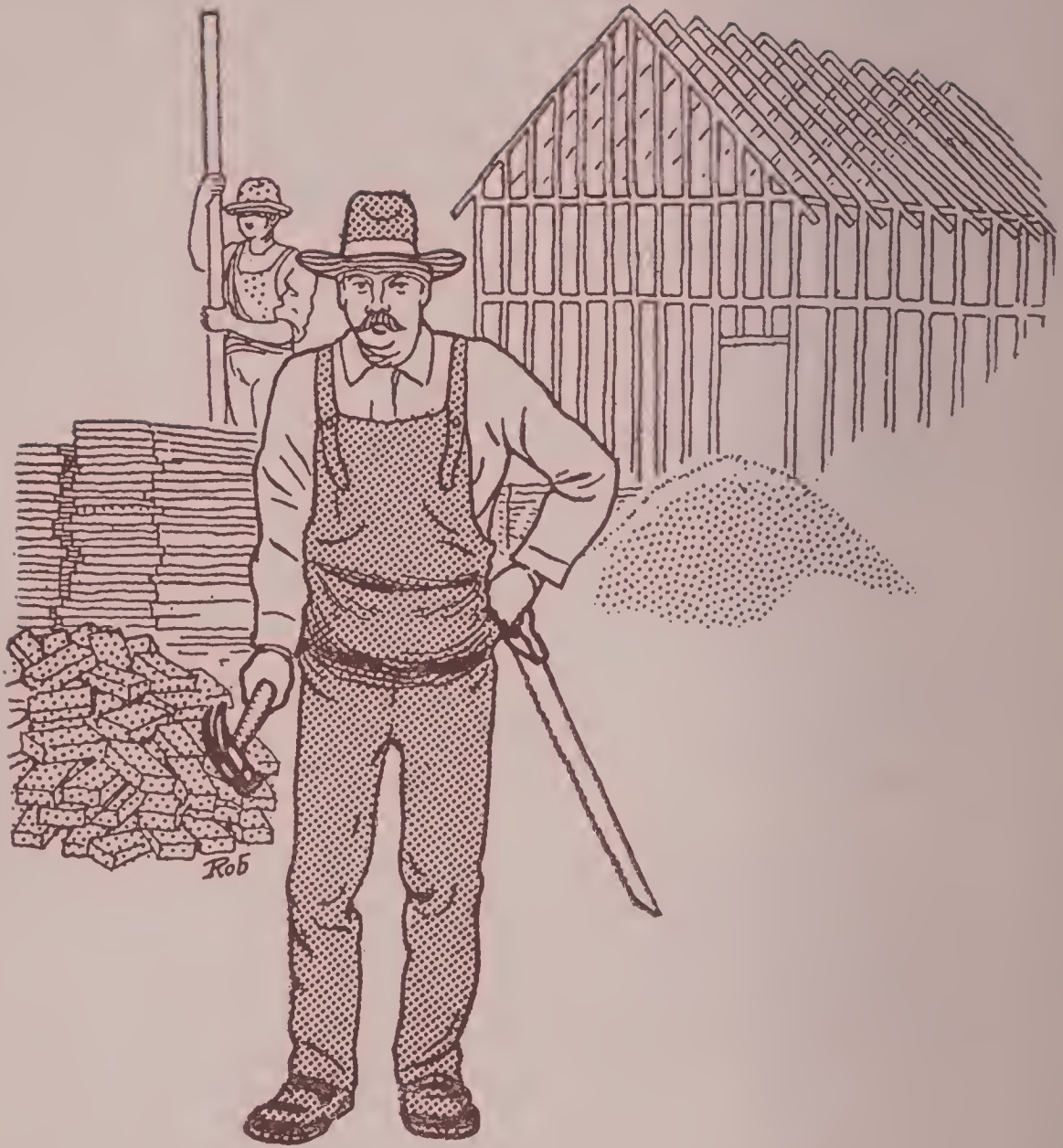
We are building in sorrow or joy
A temple the world may not see,
Which time cannot mar nor destroy;
We build for eternity.

Ev'ry thought that we've ever had,
Its own little place has filled;
Ev'ry deed we have done, good or bad,
Is a stone in the temple we build.

Ev'ry word that so lightly falls,
Giving some heart joy or pain,
Will shine in our temple wall,
Or ever its beauty stain.

Are you building for God alone?
Are you building in faith and love,
A temple the Father will own,
In the city of light above?

— *N. B. Sargent.*





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